

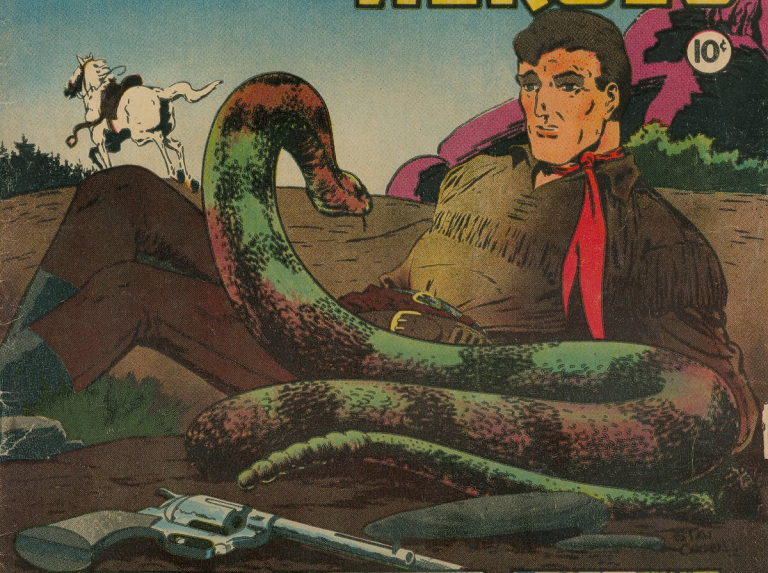
DAVID
PUBLICATION
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COWBOY WESTERN

No 47

10

COWBOY WESTERN HEROES

10¢



SENTENCE OF DEATH



CRY FOR REVENGE



THE WAY OF A KILLER



WEB COMIC
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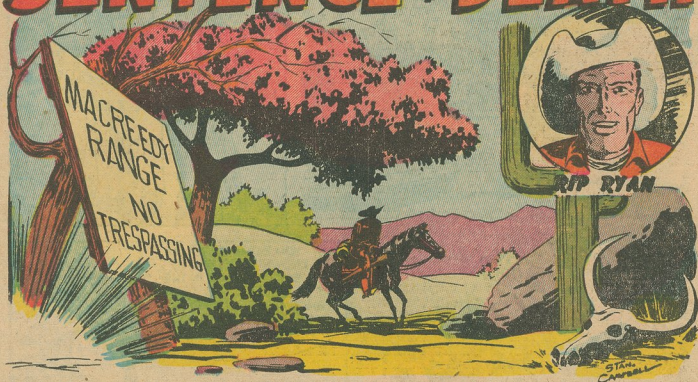
The ABC's of
SERVICING

How to Be a
Success in
RADIO-
TELEVISION

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE PECOS SHOOK TO THE ROAR OF A KILLER'S .45, AND THE SMALL RANCHES WERE DISAPPEARING INTO THE VAST RANGE OF THE EMPIRE BUILDER UNTIL MARSHAL RIP RYAN SET FORTH TO PUT AN END TO THE CARNAGE, UNDER BOSS MACREEDY'S...

SENTENCE OF DEATH

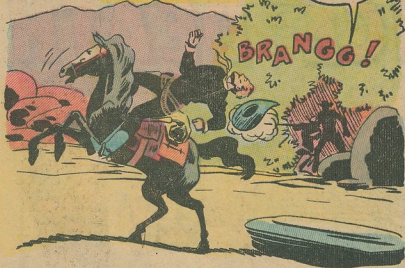


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

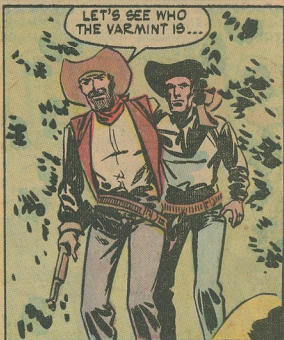
AS THE RIDER DRAWS ABREAST OF THE MESQUITE THICKET, THE AMBUSER'S RIFLE SPEAKS...

YA GOT HIM, ED!

BRANGG!



LET'S SEE WHO THE VARMIN'T IS...



CRACK!
BRAMM! BAM!



SUDDENLY THE "DEAD" RIDER ROLLS OVER... HIS RIGHT HAND BECOMES A BLUR OF SPEED FROM HIS HOLSTER... A COLT CRASHES...

YOU BOYS SHOULD KNOW BETTER'N TO SHOOT A MAN IN THE SHOULDER AND THEN SHOW YOURSELVES! TOO BAD! NOW WHERE'S MY FOOL HORSE GONE TO...?



THERE... DROP BY THE OFFICE TOMORROW, MR. MCLEOD, AND I'LL CHANGE THAT DRESSING FOR YOU

THANKS, DOC. I'LL DO THAT/



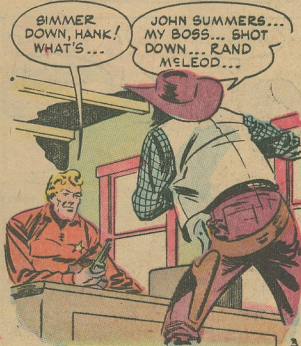
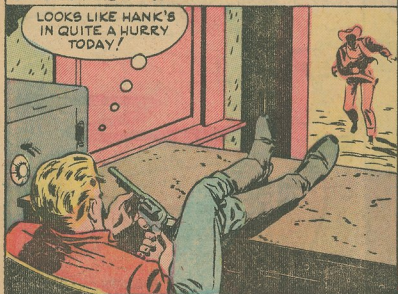
DOC KENNEDY AIN'T FORGOT ME IN TEN YEARS... WONDER HOW MANY MORE OF 'EM WILL REMEMBER WHO RAND MCLEOD IS... AND HOW I USED TO RUN THIS TOWN...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



TWO DAYS AFTER THE TALK IN THE PECOS HOTEL ROOM, MARSHAL RIP RYAN WATCHES A COWBOY APPROACH HIS OFFICE ON THE RUN...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HEY... TAKE IT EASY, MAN, AND MAKE SENSE! I'VE HEARD OF RAND MELEOD... WHAT HAPPENED AT BUMMERS' RANCH?

MELEOD RODE ONTO THE SPREAD EARLY THIS MORNING WITH THREE OF MACREEDY'S MEN, THREW FORTY DOLLARS ON THE GROUND AND TOLD JOHN IT WAS TO PAY FOR HIS RANCH AND TO PACK UP AND GIT! JOHN WENT FOR HIS GUN AND MELEOD SHOT HIM, FIRED THE BUILDINGS, AND LEFT...

MACREEDY'S BEEN BUYIN' MORTGAGES ON ALL THE LITTLE SPREADS AND FORECLOSIN' ON 'EM FOR MONTHS! EVERYBODY KNEW ABOUT IT! NOW HE'S HIRED RAND MELEOD TO GET HIM THE REST OF THE RANCHES AROUND HERE... ANY WAY HE CAN!



I KNEW ABOUT THE FORECLOSURES, TOO, BUT THEY WERE LEGAL! NOW HE'S GOT THE IDEA HE'S BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE PECOS... WITH MELEOD THROWIN' HIS LEAD FOR HIM, HUH? 'ROUND UP A DOZEN MEN, HANK, SO'S I CAN SWEAR 'EM IN AS DEPUTIES...

AND AT THE LANE RANCH, NORTH OF PECOS...

THAT MAKES TWO RANCHES WE'VE "BOUGHT" WITH THIS SAME FORTY BUCKS TODAY, BOYS! BUSINESS IS PICKIN' UP!



UGHHH...!

KRANG!

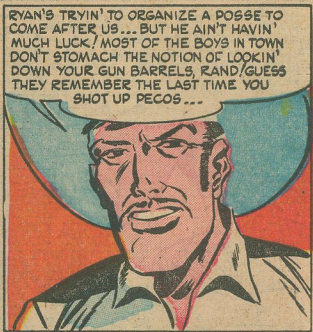
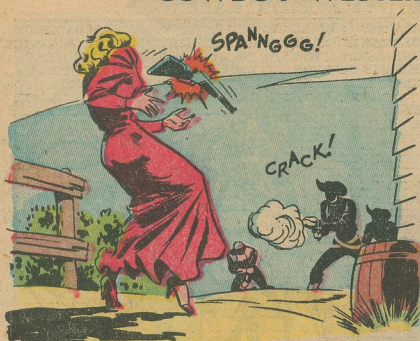


LOOK OUT... IT'S LANE'S WIFE... SHE'S GOT A GUN!

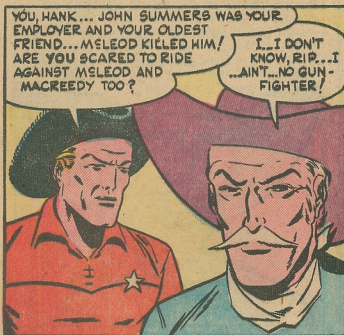


THE THREE GUNMEN'S GLOATING IS INTERRUPTED BY A RIFLE SHOT, AND ONE OF THEM STAGGERS BACKWARD!

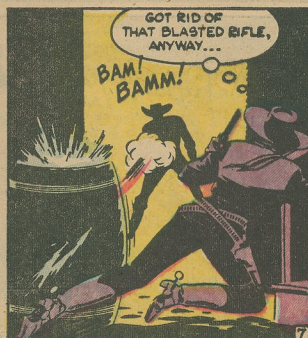
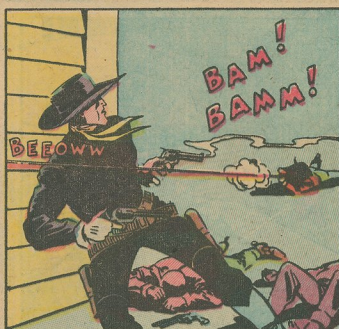
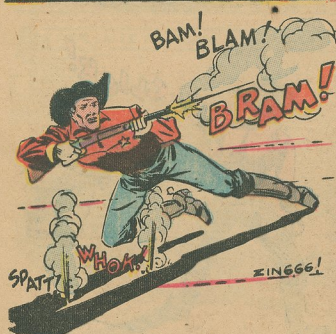
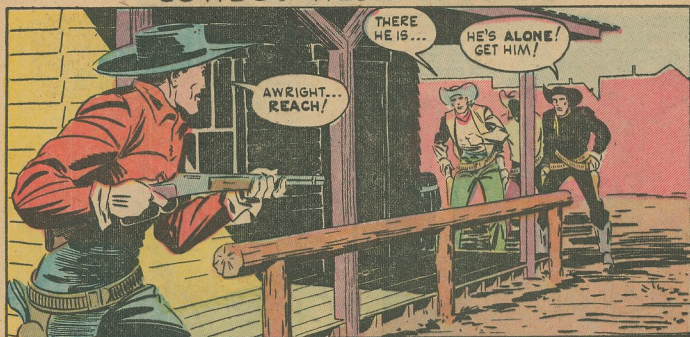
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



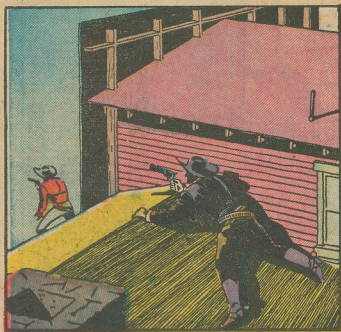
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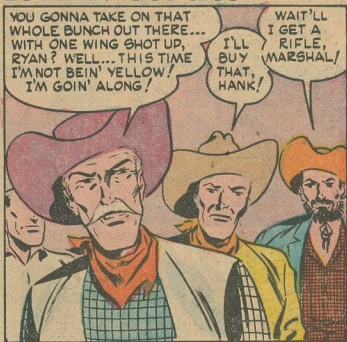
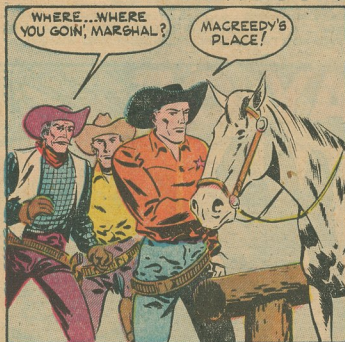
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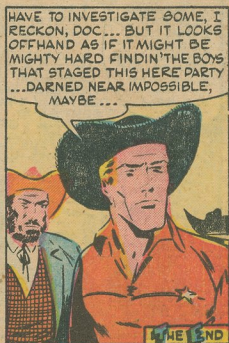
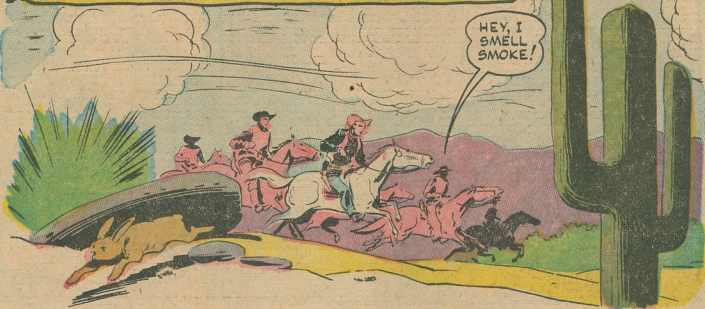
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



AN HOUR LATER THE POSSE APPROACHES THE MACREEDY SPREAD ...

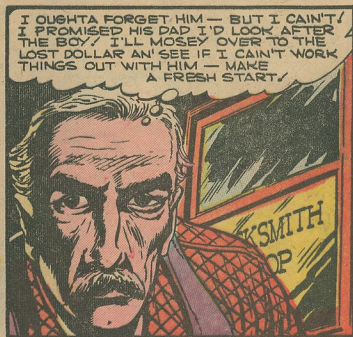
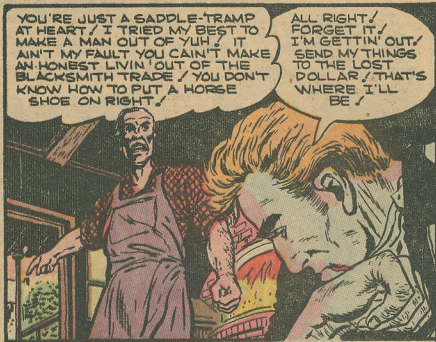


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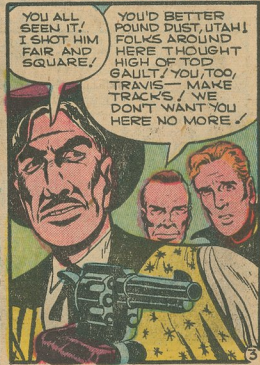
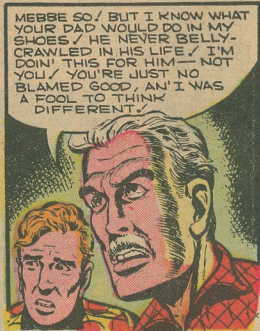
TOD GAULT HAD MADE A PROMISE TO A YOUNG FRIEND, AND FOR TWENTY YEARS WAS BOUND BY HIS WORD / BUT ONLY WHEN A SUN-SLINGER'S BULLET FOUND ITS MARK, DID THE OLD MAN REALIZE THAT THE YOUTH HE HAD PLEDGED TO RAISE WAS ONE WHO FOLLOWED...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER -

WHERE CAN I GO? I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN SHOW 'EM I SHOULD STAY HERE. I KNOW. I'LL HEAD UTAH OFF AT DRY RIVER PASS.



SOON ... A SHORT DISTANCE FROM TOWN, TRAVIS LURKS IN AMBUSH, AND WATCHES A RIDER GALLOP ALONG THE TRAIL ...



I HAD IT FIGURED RIGHT. HERE HE COMES NOW.

UTAH GALLOPS PAST, AND THE HEAVY SILENCE IS BROKEN AS TRAVIS EMPTIES A RIFLE INTO HIS VICTIM'S BACK.



THERE! THAT'LL HOLD Y'UH.

I'LL TAKE HIS GUN BELT AN' HOSS, THEN TOSS HIS BODY DOWN THE RAVINE WHERE THE COYOTES'LL MAKE SURE NOBODY EVER FINDS HIM. WHY I'LL BE A BIG HERO BACK IN TOWN.



NEXT MORNING...

LOOK HERE, TRAVIS — WE WARNED Y'UH TO STAY OUT OF TOWN!



JUMPIN' HORNED TOADS, THAT'S UTAH'S HOSS AN' GUN BELT. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

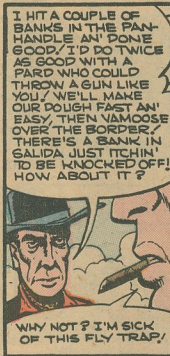
WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, I HAD A SHOOT-OUT WITH HIM. NOW, I RECKON I'M GOIN' TO STAY HERE AS LONG AS I LIKE.

ANY OF YOU GENTS CARE TO ARGUE THE POINT?

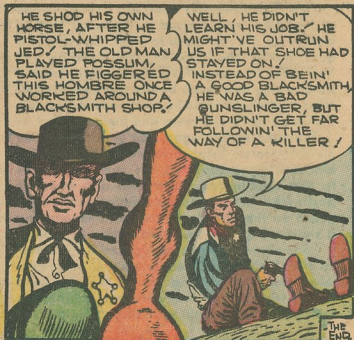
HECK NO, TRAVIS! ANYBODY COULD LOSE HIS NERVE LIKE YOU DID WITH UTAH — BUT YOU MORE'N MADE UP FOR IT.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





BLIND AS A BAT

The man on the black stallion was tall and thin. From a distance it seemed as though he were part of the horse. This was due to the fact that he wore dark trousers and a shirt of black hue. His double gun belt meant in the West that either he was a man of trouble or one who could handle himself under any circumstances. His two leather holsters were partly cut away so that he could draw his ivory handle .44's in a split second. At first as he entered Virginia City he was almost unnoticed. Phil Macready was on his way to his blacksmith shop when he spotted the stranger. One look at the face and he knew who the rider was. Phil hurried over to Sheriff Joe Greehly's office and without catching a second wind told the news.

"It's Tod Lonigan's son! The spittin' image of his father and dressed in the same kind of clothes his old man used to wear. Carrying two guns, sheriff. You know why he's here! Bet you he's going to avenge his father's death. There'll be gun play and death before the week is over. Mind you what I say. I hope it sends chills down the spine of Pete Romero and his gang."

The stout middle aged man with the star on his shirt merely listened to what his friend the blacksmith had reported. His mind went back to that terrible day five months ago when his best friend Tod Lonigan had ridden as shot-gun guard on the Virginia City stagecoach carrying a shipment of fifty thousand dollars in gold.

"Somehow the news has leaked out," warned the sheriff, "and people know it isn't registered mail that's being carried. Let me send two of my best deputies with you, Tod. No use taking a chance with your life. After all you

got to think of your son back East."

But Tod had laughed in his characteristic manner. He was a born fool when it came to trouble. He merely patted his two six shooters and then replied in his slow drawl.

"If trouble comes a-shootin' then it's shootin' it's going to get. No stagecoach has ever been held up when I was around. And if it's Pete Romero and his gang that's botherin' yuh, just forget it. I'll give them something to remember all their blasted long days."

When the stagecoach had returned driverless to Virginia City a hurriedly collected posse rode their horses at top neck speed to the scene of the tragedy. And it wasn't hard to figure out just what had happened. Neither Tod Lonigan nor Happy Slim the driver ever knew what hit them. They had each received both barrels of two shot guns from an ambush. Tod had had his head almost blown off and Happy had been blasted through the heart.

"It's Pete Romero and his gang," shouted Lou Sterns voicing the thoughts and sentiments of the members of the posse. "Why waste time? Let's ride back and hang them up in front of Romero's place as a warning that Virginia City doesn't tolerate these crimes."

"Suppose you cool down," warned the sheriff, "and remember I am the law in these parts. Because we don't like Romero and his boys doesn't say anything about who did the killings and took the gold. We got to get evidence, and when we do, that will be the end of those dirty killers."

An unnamed member of the posse spoke his mind in no uncertain words when he remarked. "They say that Tod has a son somewhere. Think he is out in Kansas or maybe Texas. Well if he's anything like his father then he'll be here to take care of things."

And now the son had come back to Virginia City and by this time everyone was probably spreading the news. The sheriff looked up from his desk and said something that had to be said.

"Thanks a lot, Phil, for telling me about it. Best thing a man like you can do is to stay off

COWBOY WESTERN

the streets for the week. You got a family and a lot of lead is going to be flying around. Wouldn't want a stray bullet to land in your carcass? You got a wife and two kids to support."

One of the show places of Virginia City was "The Big Drink Cafe" run by Pete Romero. Just now he was seated in his private office and surrounded by the members of his gang, Gus Leachy, Kid Sweeney and Jeff Martell. For five minutes they had sat in that room without speaking a word. Pete was playing with his long protruding chin and then finally spoke.

"It merely adds up to gambling odds. There are four of us and just one of him. He might get one of us, possibly two, but we can finish him off."

"You seem to forget one little mighty important thing," interrupted Kid Sweeney. "The gold you got hidden. If we get killed then you keep our share. The agreement was for the survivor to take all in case anyone got shot."

Pete had the answer on the tip of his tongue and he feared nobody.

For in each of his sleeves he carried a double barreled .40 derringer which could spit out death. He merely looked at Kid Sweeney with disgust.

"Why not go out and kill him? Looks like a cloudy night. If they find his body in the morning then you'll be ten thousand dollars richer. Well, what do you say?"

The kid merely tapped his gun holster. This would be easy cash in his pockets. You didn't have to shoot a man from the front. A bullet could enter from the back.

The evening was dreary and dismal. Kid Sweeney had spotted his prey. Burt Lonigan was crossing the muddy street to get onto the wooden planks that served as a sidewalk. The kid took careful aim with his .45. There was one shot and he slumped to the ground dead. Pete was surrounded by the two remaining members of his gang in his office and they were highly nervous. Gus Leachy walked up and down the room and then stopped in front of his boss.

"Doc Jones had the Kid's body in his office. A .44 slug went right through his side and stopped him cold. Maybe Lonigan's son killed him. And then again maybe someone else did the shooting. A .44 can be fired from c. Winchester as well as from a six shooter. At the distance he was standing you could have picked him off from a room upstairs."

They were insulting and fighting words but they failed to move Pete Romero. He knew the danger they faced and this was not the time to lose your head. He went to his desk and took out a deck of cards. He placed the deck on the top of his desk.

"We'll draw cards. Low man has to go out and kill Lonigan. Just remember he's human. We stopped the father with lead and we can do the same with the son. Time is precious so let's get down to business."

Gus Leachy drew the lowest card which was a three of hearts. He went into the bar and drank. Then he checked his six shooter and walked down the street. Mid-way to the sheriff's office he found himself facing a man dressed in dark clothing. And two blue eyes were staring out of an expressionless face.

"Get out of my way," challenged Leachy.

"Make me," was the retort.

Gus' right hand dropped closer to his holster. Yet Lonigan didn't make a move. The two eyes kept looking at him as though they were drilling two deadly holes.

"I'll kill you," shouted Gus as he drew his single action Colt. His thumb cocked the large spur and a bullet plowed into his head. Virginia City had another corpse on its hands.

It was a moonless night as Pete Romero and Jeff Martell slid off their horses at the entrance to Boothill cemetery. Quietly they walked to a grave marked "Tod Lonigan." Jeff started to dig with a shovel and he soon hit something hard. Four hands lifted a large wooden box.

"Now we divvy up and get out of Virginia City alive," said Jeff. "I got a feeling Death is hanging around and wants another victim."

"You got the right idea," snapped back Pete as the concealed derringer in his right sleeve went into action. A bullet plowed into Jeff's heart. Pete kicked the corpse into the hole and smiled as he realized all the gold was his.

"Don't move an inch," warned the sheriff as his voice came from somewhere in the darkness. "This place is surrounded by my men and we would rather bring back a corpse than have to hang you."

The trial had been swift and fair. In two hours Pete Romero would swing from the scaffold. The key turned in the lock and the sheriff opened the door.

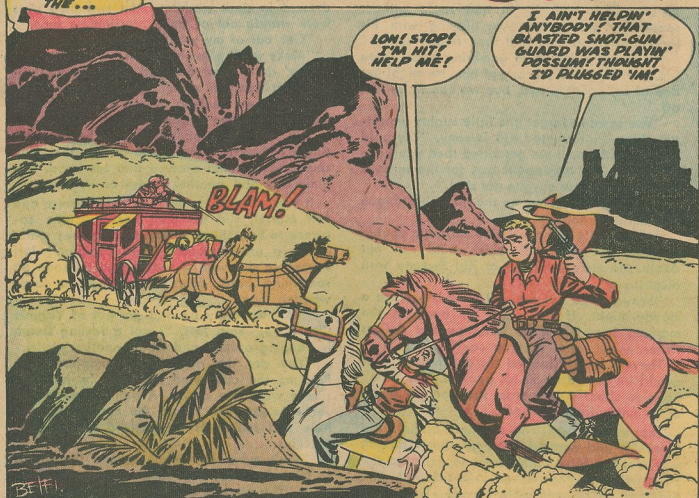
"Thought there is something you ought to know before you die," he began. "You all fell for our bait. Lonigan's son is almost blind. I had twenty of the best gun slingers from El Paso and Carson City come up here and deputized them. They watched Lonigan day and night. It was legal the way they killed two of your boys. And the reward all goes to Lonigan. Means he can go to Switzerland and get an eye operation. Blind as a bat!"

"Blind as a bat?" repeated Pete as it dawned upon him how blind he and his boys had been. The blind path to death . . .

The End

LON DUGAN AND BUCK WINTERS WERE A PAIR OF OWL-HOOTS WHO'D SOONER KILL THAN EAT.. THEY LIVED BY THE GUN UNTIL THE MOMENT WHEN THEY REACHED THE...

TRAIL'S End



ON THE STAGE COACH ROAD BETWEEN CHEYENNE AND FORT BAKER, A GRIM DRAMA IS VIOLENTLY ENACTED...

HE RUN OUT ON ME! THE ORNERY SIDE-WINDER! TOOK ALL THE LOOT AN' LEFT ME BEHIND TO FACE THE MUSIC. SOME-DAY, I'LL EVEN IT UP WITH HIM!

ALL RIGHT, YUH POLECAT! MAKE A SUDDEN MOVE, AN' OL' BETSY HERE'LL BLOW YUH APART!

YUH GOT ME DEAD TO RIGHTS! LOOK, MISTER, I NEED A SAWBONES! MUH SHOULDER IS RIPPED UP BAD!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER, IN FORT BACKER...

WELL LAD.. GOT BAD NEWS FOR YUH! THAT ARM HAS TO COME OFF!

GO AHEAD, DOC! DO WHAT-YUH H-HAVE TO DO!

THIS AIN'T GOIN' TO KEEP YUH FROM STANDIN' TRIAL, WINTERS! THERE WAS \$5000 ABOARD THAT STAGE, AN' THE DRIVER, SHOT DEAD! YOU'RE GOIN' AWAY FOR A NICE LONG VACATION AT THE STATE PRISON!

AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS...

THE JURY FOUND YUH GUILTY WINTERS, AN' I HEREBY SENTENCE YUH TO A PERIOD OF TEN YEARS IN THE STATE PRISON!

SOMEDAY I'LL FIND LON DUGAN, AN' WHEN I DO, HE'LL PAY HEAVY FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME!

BUT WHILE BUCK GOES TO PRISON, LON IS DOING WELL, HAVING PURCHASED A GAMBLING CASINO WITH THE STAGE COACH LOOT, AND...

WE WANT YUH OUT OF DRY RIVER, DUGAN! US RANCHERS DON'T LIKE THE WAY YUH CHEAT OUR COWPOKES HERE! THEY LOSE EVERY CENT THEY MAKE TO YOUR CARD SHARPS, AN' MOST OF 'EM OWE YUH MONEY!

SO WHAT? IF THOSE SADDLE TRAMPS WANT TO GAMBLE, I'M HERE TO PLEASE 'EM! WHAT'RE YUH GOIN' TO DO 'BOUT IT, MISTER HIX?

YUH CAME HERE TWO YEARS AGO... NOW, WE'RE GIVIN' YUH THREE WEEKS TO GIT MOVIN', OR THE VIGILANTES' COMMITTEE WILL BURN THIS PLAGUE SPOT TO THE GROUND!

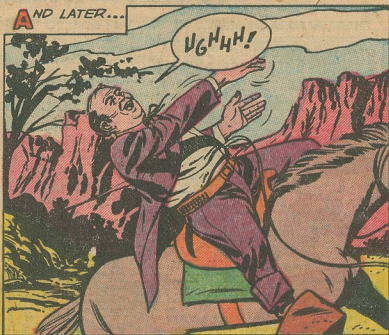
ON YOUR WAY, HIX! SHAKE DUST WHILE YUH CAN STILL WALK! NOBODY THREATENS ME!

THREE WEEKS, AN' THAT'S FINAL!

BILLY.. I WONDER IF SAM HIX COULD MEET WITH AN ACCIDENT ON HIS WAY HOME? A REAL BAD ONE!

WHEN YUH HIRED ME, MR. DUGAN, I SAID I'D DO ANYTHIN'.. AN' THAT STILL HOLDS! I WONDER IF HIX'S WIFE LOOKS GOOD IN BLACK?

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HOURS LATER...



SAM HIX WAS MY FRIEND, DUGAN! IF YOU CAUSED 'IM ANY HARM... I'LL KILL YUH WITH MY BARE HANDS!

YOU'RE TALKIN' THROUGH YOUR HAT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HIX... NOW, BLOW OUT OF HERE!

AFTER NORTON LEAVES...



LISTEN, BILLY, I'M GETTIN' OUT OF TOWN 'TIL THIS BLOWS OVER! YOU RUN THE PLACE... HERE ARE THE KEYS! I TRUST YUH!

OKAY, MR. DUGAN!

A WEEK LATER, BUCK WANDERS INTO DRY RIVER, AND...



MISTER, I'M ON MY UPPERS! I'M HUNGRY AN' BROKE! I NEED A JOB... I'LL DO ANYTHIN'!

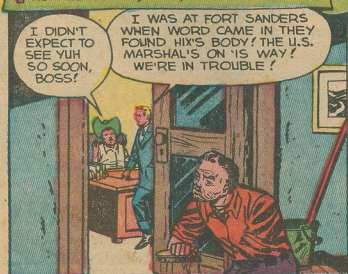
WELL... WE NEED A PORTER! FIVE BUCKS A WEEK, A FLOP, AN' GRUB! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

LAST DOLLAR

I'LL... I'LL TAKE IT!



TWO WEEKS PASS, THEN, LATE ONE NIGHT...



I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YUH SO SOON, BOSS!

I WAS AT FORT SANDERS WHEN WORD CAME IN THEY FOUND HIX'S BODY! THE U.S. MARSHAL'S ON 'IS WAY! WE'RE IN TROUBLE!



YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, DUGAN! I DIDN'T ARGUE WITH HIX... YOU DID! WHY SHOULD I'VE KILLED 'IM? TAKE MUH ADVICE AN' BEAT IT... WHILE YUH STILL CAN!

WHY.. YUH LITTLE POLE-CAT!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



LON TOOK UP HIS STAND IN THE SHADOWS, BACK THERE! GUESS HE MEANS TO KNOCK BILLY OFF! AN' THAT FITS RIGHT INTO MUH PLANS!



IT'S BUCK WINTERS, LON, COME HERE TO PAY YOU OFF!

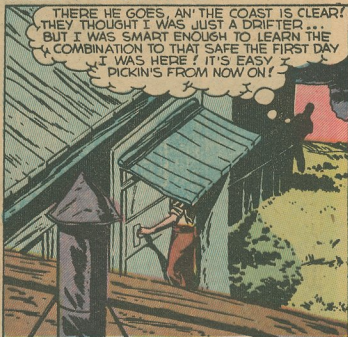


A FEW MINUTES LATER...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

HOURS LATER, AS DAWN IS BREAKING, THE GAMBLING HALL IS CLOSING...



AS BILLY IS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS CABIN...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

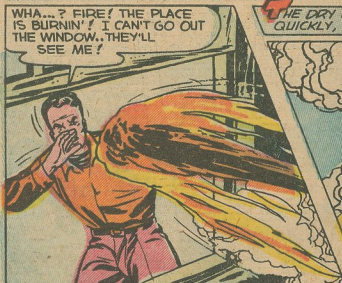
MEANWHILE, BACK IN TOWN...



ALL THAT MONEY! THIS MAKES UP FOR EVERYTHIN' I SUFFERED...THE YEARS IN PRISON...MY ARM!

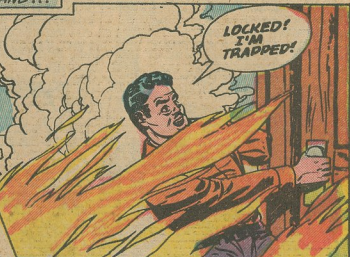


WHAT'S THAT? RIDERS, HEADIN' THIS WAY...THEY'RE AFTER ME!



WHA...? FIRE! THE PLACE IS BURNIN'! I CAN'T GO OUT THE WINDOW...THEY'LL SEE ME!

THE DRY WOOD OF THE FLIMSY BUILDING CATCHES FIRE QUICKLY, AND...



LOCKED! I'M TRAPPED!



NO! NO! IT CAN'T HAPPEN THIS WAY! THIS AIN'T WHAT I PLANNED!



THERE IT GOES! I HOPE THIS WILL ACT AS A WARNIN' FOR OTHERS LIKE DUGAN!

IT'S TRAIL'S END FOR HIS BREED!

THE END

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

Yellow Gold

RUMOR HAD IT THAT OLD HARRY CRAWFORD FINALLY HAD STRUCK IT RICH AFTER YEARS OF TRAMPING THE SIERRA FOOTHILLS... THEN THE CAVALRY BROUGHT IN HIS BODY... SCALPED / OBVIOUSLY THE WORK OF INDIANS, SAID THE TOWNSPEOPLE... WHO WOULD SCALP A MAN BUT A REDSKIN? BUT THE MARSHAL KNEW THE APACHE NATION HAD BEEN AT PEACE SINCE THE LITTLE BIGHORN... AND WANTED TO STAY THAT WAY!

WHY... YES, MARSHAL... I CAN STACK A DECK... BUT I AINT DONE IT FER YEARS / WHY DO YOU ASK?

NEVER MIND / JUST A HUNCH / WE'RE GETTIN' INTO THE GAME, JIM... GIVE ME CARDS TO BEAT ED MARTIN THERE, 'TILL HE'S NEARLY BROKE / WHEN I GIVE YOU THE SIGN, GIVE HIM A GOOD HAND!



SURE, MARSHAL / LAWMAN'S MONEY SPENDS AS GOOD AS ANYONE'S / SIT IN!

TAKE MY PLACE... I'M GETTIN' OUT!



AFTER HOURS OF PLAY... I'D RAISE A HUNDRED MORE MARTIN, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY MONEY LEFT IN FRONT OF YA...

GO AHEAD, YOU'RE CALLED! I'VE... I'VE GOT THE MONEY!

LET'S SEE THE COLOR OF IT, THEN, MARTIN!



GOLD? DIDN'T KNOW YA WAS PROSPECTIN' MARTIN!

YEAH... SURE! UP AROUND THE BLACK HILLS... COUPLE YEARS BACK...

I'M OUT!



YOU'RE A LIAR / BLACK HILLS GOLD IS RED FROM COPPER DEPOSITS... THIS HERE IS YELLOW GOLD / YA NEVER PANNED THIS DUST, MARTIN! YA KILLED CRAWFORD FOR IT...!

WHY... YA DIRTY...



YA SCALPED HIM TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE APACHES GOT HIM... BUT THE INJUNS AINT LOOKIN' FOR ANYMORE WAR WITH THE WHITE MEN!



AND APACHES DON'T KILL FER GOLD... THAT'S A WHITE MAN'S HABIT / IF THEY'D KILLED HIM, THEY'D LEFT AN ARROW IN HIM TO HOLD IN THE EVIL SPIRIT... APACHE SUPERSTITION! WASN'T NOTHIN' IN CRAWFORD'S BODY BUT A BULLET HOLE IN HIS BACK!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

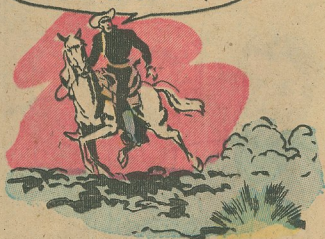
WHEN THE CRANFORD FAMILY WAS SLAUGHTERED AT THEIR FARM, A BLOODY WAR OF VENGEANCE SEEMED READY TO BREAK OUT AGAINST THE MURAKI TRIBE! THEN A STRANGER RODE INTO LONE PINE... INTO THE MIDST OF A TOWN BEING SPURRED ON TO MASS MURDER BY A...

CRY FOR REVENGE



AT THE SAME MOMENT, ACROSS THE PLAIN, A STRANGER LOOKS UP IN SURPRISE...

C'MON, HOSS... LET'S GO HAVE A LOOK-SEE / MEBBE IT'S NOTHIN' AT ALL... BUT THEN AGAIN IT MAY BE TROUBLE / GIDDYAP!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



AFTER LOADING THE VICTIM ABOARD HIS HORSE,
THE STRANGER MAKES A QUICK EXAMINATION OF
THE GROUND...



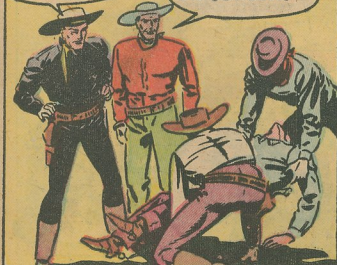
THIS POOR GUY'S
BADLY HACKED UP...
AFRAID THERE'S NOT
MUCH ANYONE CAN
DO TO HELP HIM!

SAY... THAT LOOKS
LIKE JEB CRANFORD
ACROSS THAT GUY'S
SADDLE... WHAT'S
GOIN' ON, MISTER?



TELL YOU ALL
ABOUT IT IN A
MINUTE... WHERE'S
THE DOCTOR?

HERE HE COMES NOW/
EASY, BOYS... JEB'S HAD
A FEARFUL BEATIN'...
SET HIM DOWN NICE
AND GENTLE...

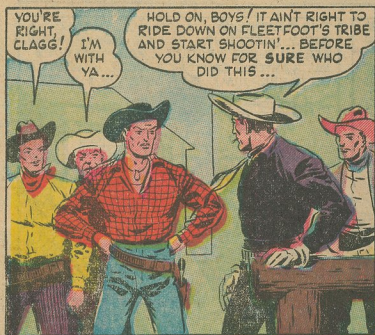


T-THEY RODE UP... ACTIN' FRIENDLY... TOOK US
BY... SURPRISE/ KILLED EVERYBODY... KIDS
AND ALL... F-FOUR... MURAKI... INDIANS...
OOOOHH...

HE'S
DEAD!



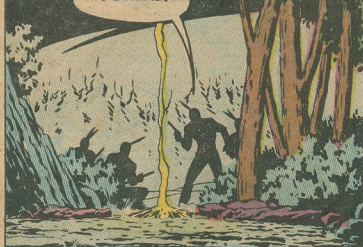
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THAT NIGHT SAM AND HIS PARTNERS CAMP A FEW MILES FROM THE MURAKI CAMP ...

THEY SLEEP...
COME MURAKI BROTHERS!
IT IS TIME FOR US
TO STRIKE!



SLASH THEM TO
SHREDS! NOW NO
ONE CAN DENY THE
MURAKIS ARE
KILLERS!

FOOLS! THEY
RODE RIGHT INTO
OUR AMBUSH!



HOLD
IT,
BOYS!



DROP THOSE KNIVES!
LOOKS LIKE YOU WAS
TOOK IN BY OUR CLOTHES
WRAPPED UP TO LOOK
LIKE US!

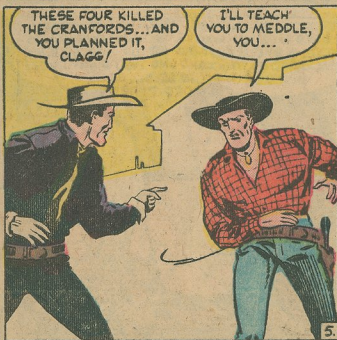
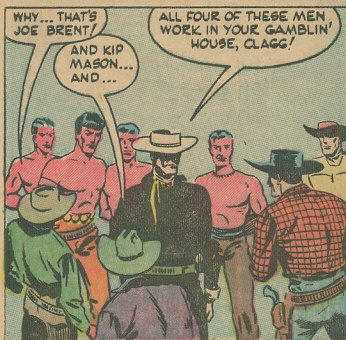
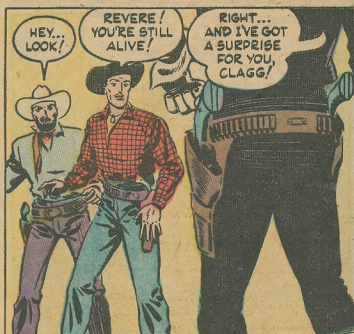
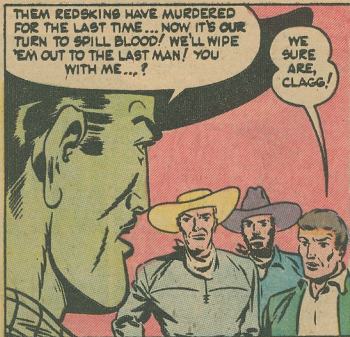
YOU HEARD HIM...
GET YOUR HANDS
UP... OR WE BURY
YOU RIGHT HERE!



LET'S GET THESE BOYS INTO JAIL
BEFORE ANYONE SEES 'EM...OR
THEY'LL NEVER LIVE TO BE
PUT ON TRIAL!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





FREE!

WHILE THEY LAST!

10 "HITLER HEADS"

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Dept. JQ-CCG, Littleton, New Hampshire



LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
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and pictures to
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NOW

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FIRST

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GO!

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NOW!

ACT NOW

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YOU!**

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GO!

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pictures
to start.

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etc.

ACT NOW!

SAY! THAT CAMERA DIDN'T COST
SURE IS SUPERSONIC! ME A DIME-
YOU MUST HAVE JUST GOT IT FOR
STRUCK A SELLING WHITE
URANIUM LODE! CLOVERINE
BRAND
SALVE!

HURRY
AN' GET
DE-PRES-
SURIZED!

JUMPIN'
JUPITER!
YOU'RE SURE
SIZZLING TH'
OL' ROCKET
TODAY, TED!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET
BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE,
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ING MY NEW CAMERA!

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES-I'M MAILING
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